

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MAY 3, 1931

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Douglas Walsh frowned, though his mouth was full of gumdrops. Rags, his pet Airedale, looked sympathetically into his master's face, as though he sensed trouble. "Gimini crickets! What am I goin' to do?" he muttered, half in his thoughts and half out loud, as he gave the garage door a kick. "Here my name's been entered in the 'Thunder an' Lightnin' Glider Contest, 'n' Rusty Clark has to quit me cold after we've got our plans 'n' drawings all made."

"What're you going to do?" came a voice from the back yard. Presently Muriel, his ten-year-old sister, stood at the open garage door. "Why,—make the glider model yourself, and if you win the prize, you won't have to split with Rusty or anyone else."

"Yeah,—a lot a girl knows about making gliders!" scorned Douglas, who was always ready to pick an argument. "The contest's only a month off 'n' it will take two fella's working day 'n' night to get our model ready. So much gluin' 'n' sewin'. Wing span better'n four feet."

Douglas' voice seemed to choke and the light died out of his clear blue eyes. He sighed.

Mr. Bronson, the President of the "Mile-High Glider Club," offered twenty-five dollars in cash, and a beautiful cup, to the child who would make the best glider model; not to mention a long ride in an aeroplane over Denver. The prizes did not interest Douglas as much as the aeroplane ride. This was a chance of a lifetime, he had thought.

He had always been interested in aviation and had made several aeroplane models. However, he was thrilled when he had learned of the glider-model contest. "Some day," he had thought, "I'll be among the thousands of Americans who'll be flying without motors. No telling, maybe I'll be connected with a Company, turning out motorless craft for sale." His thoughts seemed to run away with him.

The Glider Model

By Helen Euge Marshall

"Oh, cheer up, Dong," Muriel soothingly suggested. "I'll help you. Honest I will and—"

"A girl help build a glider!" scoffed her brother. "A lot you know about tools. You'd tell on me every time I'd do something you didn't like. Then—"

"No, I—I wouldn't," she promised. "Really I could help a lot."

Douglas could not deny that he needed help and needed it badly. Drawing up the plans was really the smallest part of the job. He would just *have* to have help after school hours, if he hoped to finish for the contest.

"Oh, very well," Douglas said condescendingly. "You can run errands for me, but remember, Sis, I'm the boss. See?"

Muriel eagerly agreed to everything. Douglas hoped that no one would pass by

their yard and discover a girl handling his tools.

The work on the glider progressed very slowly, because Douglas cut his right thumb from the very first and had to wear a bandage on it. He was forced to allow Muriel to do more of the gluing than he really had intended. Sewing the wing was more difficult than he thought it was going to be.

Douglas was so well impressed with Muriel's knowledge of things that he thought he might as well let her finish sewing the wing. Because her stitches were so even, he trusted her with the sewing of the other wing and the tail pieces.

Muriel did her work so well and faithfully that Douglas was surprised to have the model ready for the finishing touches four days before the contest closed.

The two were so proud of the trial flights. "Look at 'er go!" exclaimed the happy boy one day, as their glider, which gleamed like silver in the spring sunlight, circled gracefully across the back yard and landed on its skids in the pansy bed. "This is the real worm's eyebrow, now isn't it?"

Muriel nodded her approval.

"But there's a little too much weight on the right," he explained as he adjusted the position of the balancer which he designed for the glider.

Succeeding glides helped him to improve the balance.

The next day, the day before the contest, the glider was ready to be marked and taken to the Civic Center, where all of the glider models were to be on display. "A beauty," Douglas told himself. "All ready for my name. Can't put Muriel's name on too,—not for the contest. The fella's would laugh at me. But I'll share the prize with her if we're lucky enough to win."

Carefully he took a tiny oblong card and printed his name on it. Then he glued it to the front of the glider.

When Muriel came home from school a few minutes later, she ran to get one last look at their glider



"Hey, Sis," he yelled toward her open window, "I've got 'er balanced like an eagle, now."

before Douglas took it to contest headquarters.

"Do you know," she exclaimed breathlessly, as she rushed through the door, "Rusty Clark has gone and made a glider after all,—and from the same plans. Oh, I see you've put the card on it." Then she stopped abruptly.

Douglas caught a queer little look in her eyes. "Wh—what's the matter?" he asked.

Without saying a word she left the room.

Just then a peculiar feeling came over him. Why, he was really worse than Rusty,—for running off with plans that he himself had helped to make. Muriel had helped him, oh so well, and he was not openly giving her any credit.

"Well," he went on aloud, "this isn't a girl's contest, anyway. I'll fix it up with her some way."

Then, lifting his shoulders as though to shake off his thoughts, he puckered his lips and tried to whistle. But his whistle was not as gay as usual.

Then his eyes sought the cardboard again. There was not room for Muriel's name too, unless it was above his own.

"Oh well," Douglas admitted to himself, "she's been a regular pal through it all, but I'll—"

He tried to call her back but his mother said that Muriel was lying down because she did not feel very well.

"Humph!" reflected Douglas, "she sure's a good sport,—didn't even complain to Mom."

He picked up the glider and went into the back yard. "Hey, Sis," he yelled toward her open window, "I've got 'er balanced like an eagle now. Watch this just once, if you want to see a pretty sight."

He waited long enough to see her tear-stained face at the window, and then launched the glider into the air. Its shimmering wings and body floated in a perfect arc across the lawn.

Just then Rags playfully jumped toward the beloved model and caught one of the wings in his sharp teeth. Douglas' heart almost stopped beating.

"Rags! Rags!" he savagely yelled, as he struck at the dog.

He rushed over to the glider and feverishly examined the damage. Sure as anything, there was a jagged hole. To him it looked as large as a wash tub! A feeling of helplessness came over him, as he felt the torn wing could not be repaired.

"One thing sure, this can't be fixed by tomorrow. Needs a new wing," he spoke aloud. "Don't see why I had to have this bad luck!"

Dejectedly, he looked toward Muriel. "We're out of the contest,—drat that dog, anyway," he said with a deep sigh, as he put the glider on the work bench in the garage. His voice was husky with tears.

As he walked back into the house, a drop of rain fell on his nose. The skies were as gray as his outlook on life at that moment.

Absent-mindedly, he ate his supper. He dared not look at the swollen eyes of Muriel. He was interrupted by Chuck Weaver, who called through the back door, "Hi, Doug, come play 'Kick the can'."

Without waiting to eat his dessert, he slipped out and joined the bunch on the corner.

The following morning, he went to the garage to get the dandelion digger. Gloomily, he glanced in the direction of the glider. Then he went over and examined it. His eyes rounded immediately. He stiffened with surprise. The wing was no longer torn, and only by the most careful examination, could he see where the hole had been. While he was standing with his mouth wide open, and wondering about everything, Muriel quietly slipped in.

"I fixed it last night while you were playing with the kids," she said simply and with a certain coolness.

"Sis, you're a brick," he shouted, as he tried to grab her, but she broke away and ran into the house.

For the first time in Douglas' life, he realized that she was not an ordinary girl. After all, she had made it possible for him to enter the contest. What could he do to repay her? As he looked at the glider, his eyebrows lifted. A plan formed in his mind.

All that day in school, Douglas tried to find his sister to explain matters, but each time she seemed to avoid him. Finally, school closed and everyone hurried to the Civic Center for the contest. Muriel left early with some of her girl friends.

A great crowd gathered for the event. Douglas looked and looked for his sister; and finally, just before the prizes were awarded, he saw her standing near him.

At last Mr. Bronson made his speech, telling of the great future of glider flying. Then he said, "I'm particularly happy to announce that a young lady has been interested enough to try her hand in making a model. We need more women aviators," he smilingly added. "I'm going to award the first prize to Miss Muriel Walsh and Master Douglas Walsh—"

Douglas did not hear another word on account of the cheering. It all seemed like a dream to him. He was watching the blank expression on Muriel's face give way to tears. He rushed over to her and put his arm around her. Then he led her to the Judge's stand where their glider was on display. Douglas stood watching her between his eyelashes. He saw her look at the card, with her name printed neatly above his own.

Then he whispered, "I'm awfully sorry, Sis, that I hurt your feelings last night, honest—"

But the "Injun" died on his lips for just then a man handed a twenty-five-dollar gold piece to Muriel. Douglas had no thought of being jealous as his sister took the money and he, himself, accepted the beautifully-engraved silver cup. Then because Muriel was the only girl to win a prize, Mr. Bronson allowed her and Douglas to ride in his own plane over the city. His parting promise to them was that if ever they wanted to study aviation, he would gladly help them.

They were excited as they happily rode home that night in the big car that belonged to one of the members of the Glider Club.

"Gee, Muriel," confided Douglas with an altogether new and respectful look in his eyes, "I've had the best sister in these Rocky Mountains and I've been too dumb to realize it."

Muriel's beaming face was the only comment that he needed.

"And you've been more than a sister, —you've been a pal and a mighty good sport." Then into his pockets went his hands, as he added, "Some day we'll go into the glider business on a big scale."

May Day for Mary

By Dorothy Donald

"IF you invite Mary Jensen to your May-Day party, I won't come!" declared Flora Dunn, tossing her yellow curls independently.

A deep silence filled the locker room of the Cedarville Grammar school. Then Lois Babcock jumped to her feet, her eyes sparkling angrily.

"I think that's real mean of you, Flora!" she cried. "Why don't you like Mary? She's never done anything to you!"

"It isn't that, but my mother wouldn't like me to associate with a girl who lives on River Street."

"She can't help that. Even if she is poor, she's nice, and I'm going to invite her to my party!"

"She'll probably come in rags and patches!" said Flora spitefully. "Her coat looks like it's about ten years old!"

"Why should we care?" broke in Jenny Wheeler. "Perhaps she can't afford any better. I must say, Flora Dunn, I certainly think you're acting stuck up!"

"I don't care! I won't come to the party if Mary Jensen is invited. I'm going to ask Mother if I can't go to Miss Allan's school. They don't let poor girls like Mary Jensen go there!" Flora's shrill voice carried through the locker room, and the little girl coming into the room at that moment, couldn't help but hear the other's spiteful words.

Mary Jensen flushed a dull red, and quickly turned away so that the others

might not see the tears gathering in her brown eyes. She fumbled with her locker while the other little girls watched her in an uncomfortable silence. With hands trembling, Mary selected a few books and hurried out of the room, glancing neither to right nor left.

"Do you think she heard?" whispered Jenny Wheeler.

"Of course she did!" Lois turned on Flora, her eyes blazing: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Flora Dunn! I'm going to invite Mary Jensen to my May-Day party, and I don't care whether you come or not! I don't want to be friends with you if you're going to be so stuck up!"

During the next few days, Lois and her chum, Jenny, were kept busy planning games for the party and arranging decorations. Mrs. Babcock had left the entire management of the party to her little daughter, and Lois felt very grown-up as she called a drug store on the phone and asked them to bring some ice cream to her house the following afternoon.

That night she and Jenny made some pretty little May baskets and filled them with flowers and cookies. With several on their arm they were just leaving the house when the front door bell rang.

Lois rushed to the door and flung it open. No one was in sight, but a pretty cornucopia-shaped basket hung from the door knob. The two little girls examined it eagerly. It was stuffed with flowers, and in the center was a paper rolled and tied with a bit of blue ribbon.

Lois excitedly unrolled it, and then squealed with delight. Painted on the paper in pretty colors was a paper doll and an entire wardrobe.

"Isn't it darling!" breathed Jenny.

"It's adorable!" exclaimed Lois. "I've never had any prettier dolls than this! But I wonder who gave it to me? None of the girls can draw."

"Maybe there's a name inside the basket," suggested Jenny.

But despite a careful search, the basket had no marks to identify the giver.

The rest of the evening was spent in going from door to door and leaving May baskets on the porches of unsuspecting friends. The little girls would ring a door bell and then scamper behind a tree to watch their chums' delight when they caught sight of a basket stuffed with flowers and cookies.

The last place to leave a basket was at Mary Jensen's on River Street. One dim light burned in the shabby little house as Lois crept quietly up on the porch and hung a basket on the doorknob. She had tucked an invitation to her party in among the cookies and flowers, and she sincerely hoped that Mary would find it and come.

The next afternoon, Lois, arrayed in a crisp organdy frock, stood by the door ready to receive her guests.

The Adventure of a Seed

By JANE ELLIS JOY

It nestled unseen in sand and clay
While moons sped over the Milky Way;
At last, with a tug,
Its jacket so snug
Slipped off with the coming of May.

For the little seed, oh, what an outing!
Little worms underground then a-scouting

Said, one to the other,
"How wonderful, Brother!—
That hard little seed is now sprouting!"

Fashioned by the deft hands of sunlight
Came a plant bearing blooms pink and white,

So fair to the eye
That the chance passer-by
Paused to gaze on the beautiful sight.

Mary Jensen, attired in a much-washed white voile dress, was the last one to arrive. She greeted Lois shyly and looked timidly around the room at the other little girls. Lois threw her arms around her in a chummy fashion and introduced Mary to her other little friends.

They played "Musical Chairs," "I Spy," "Kitty Wants a Corner," and many other games, and then, when they were all flushed and tired, they trooped into the dining room for the refreshments.

The table was decorated in pink and yellow, and the ice cream was molded in the shape of little baskets. There were cookies and three different kinds of cake, and Lois piled Mary's plate so high that the little girl declared she would never have time to eat it all.

After they had eaten their fill, they went back into the parlor and played some more games. One was where each little guest was to give a sample of what he or she could do best. It finally came Mary Jensen's turn, and she said that she could draw best. Lois perked up her ears at this news and thoughtfully watched the little girl as she rapidly sketched a pretty doll.

After the last guest had gone home, Lois went into the library to see her father. Mr. Babcock was seated in a large leather chair smoking a pipe when she entered the room.

"Was the party a success?" he asked.

"Everybody said they had a good time," Lois replied. She seated herself in a chair opposite him and cupped her chin in her hands. "Daddy, I want to show you some paper dolls Mary Jensen drew." Lois pulled a rolled paper out of a drawer of the desk and gave it to her father.

Mr. Babcock gazed at it a long time, then he spoke:

"Why, these are cleverly drawn. They look almost like a professional's. You say Mary drew these?"

"Yes, aren't they darling? Daddy, I

wish you'd show them to Mr. Clyde. I don't see why he couldn't use them for his magazine. You know, he has that page for beginning artists, and he pays quite well for the drawings, too. I don't see why Mary couldn't get some of her things in it. They need the money badly."

"But Mary is so young," protested Mr. Babcock.

"That doesn't make any difference. She draws much better than most older people."

"Well, these are beautifully drawn. There's no doubt about your little friend's talent, and I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll speak to Mr. Clyde about it and show him these dolls."

Lois could hardly contain her excitement the next afternoon. She rushed home as soon as school let out and banged into the library where her father was reading a book.

"Did you show it to him?" she demanded.

Mr. Babcock removed his pipe from his mouth and smiled.

"Sit down and catch your breath, Lois. Did you run all the way home from school?" he teased.

"Oh, Daddy, don't bother about that. Tell me about Mr. Clyde. What did he say?"

"Why, Mr. Clyde was very much pleased at Mary's drawings, and he said that he could use as many as she had time to draw!"

"Daddy! Isn't that wonderful? My, I wonder what Mary will say!" Lois hummed a gay little tune and did a jig around the room to express her happiness.

That evening Lois and her father went to Mary's house to tell her the good news. The door was opened by a kind-faced middle-aged woman who was plainly flustered at having such well-dressed guests coming to her shabby little home.

Mary was in the kitchen doing the dishes when her mother called to her. She came into the little front room still wiping a bowl on a faded blue cloth, and at Lois' joyful news, the dish slipped through her fingers and crashed to the floor.

"Never mind," said Mary at her mother's startled cry, "I'll buy six of them tomorrow!"

At the door while Mr. Babcock was talking with Mrs. Jensen, Mary drew Lois aside and whispered in her ear.

"I'll never, never forget what you've done for me, Lois. It was awfully nice of you."

At the other's sincerity, eleven-year-old Lois suddenly felt a sob welling up in her throat. She squeezed Mary's hand with a friendly grip, and turned to follow her father to their car.

"I'll see you at school tomorrow!" Lois called, as the automobile drove away from the little house on River Street.

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 215 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Beacon Readers:

Now that the second serial which we have published this year is completed, we should like to know which you liked better,—“The Horse with the Roman Nose,” or “Jeanne-Marie's Promise.” If you will tell us this, it will help us in choosing stories for another year. We should like to hear from you about this before the end of May.

THE EDITOR.

27 WALDEN ST.,
NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Community Sunday school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Weems. The minister's name is Rev. Mr. Weems. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am in the third grade. I am nine years old.

Yours truly,

MURIEL WILLIAMS.

7430 BUIST AVE.,
WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I am eight years old and am in the third grade. I go to the Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. My Sunday-school teacher's

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

names are Mrs. Waldman and Mrs. Reynolds. I would like some little girl of my age to write to me. My brother (six years old) would like to join the Club and wear the pin, too.

Yours sincerely,

MABEL VON ZECH.

MARK VON ZECH.

A Woodland Walk

I walked into the woodland
Where the grass a blanket spread,
The flowers in gorgeous tints arrayed,
Take this carpet for a bed.

I hear the blue jay screaming,
A robin chirping to his mate,
While faintly in the distance heard
An owl is hooting late.

The fountain in the center
With water fresh and cool,
Its ripple sings a merry tune,
Then rests in quiet pool.

The goldfish own that lovely home,
With seaweed growing 'round.
The woodland is a paradise,
Whose golden key I've found.

MARIE-LOUISE DEKONING (Age 12).

World Friendship Among Children

The Porto Rico Project

The Island of Porto Rico, which has special claims on our love and help, having been since 1898 a part of the United States, has recently suffered from a terrible tornado, followed by drought. Most of the people are in poverty and of course the children are suffering as well as the adults.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of Porto Rico, reports that 20,000 school children are “seriously under-nourished—some slowly starving.” Their breakfast as a rule is only a cup of black coffee. He has therefore formed the Porto Rico Child-Feeding Committee and is inviting generous Americans to help him give one good hot meal each day to the children in the schools.

In accordance with this suggestion, the Committee on World Friendship Among Children invites boys and girls and adults to help send food, and also to promote friendship among the boys and girls of Porto Rico.

It is proposed that children and young people send Friendship Treasure Chests, packed with symbols of good will. The chest, made of metal, is decorated with delightful old maps of the entire world. It is 10½ x 6½ x 5 inches in size, with brass handles and a lock and key. Children enjoy studying these maps.

The chests may be secured from the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, at \$1.15 each postpaid. Postal Money orders or checks payable to the Committee on World Friendship Among Children should accompany all orders. A circular, giving suggestions as to what should be put into the chests and directions for shipping, will be sent to anyone interested from the office of the Committee at the above address. This circular also contains a list of books giving information about Porto Rico which children and older people will be interested to read.

We hope that some of our schools will be willing to help in putting into effect this project of World Friendship Among Children.

Puzzlers

Anagram Word Square

Re-arrange the letters in each of the following words so that the four new words will form a word square in which the words read the same horizontally and vertically.

MEAT to form a word meaning *docile*.

WANE to form a word meaning *again*.

TEEM to form a word meaning *measure*.

WERE to form a word meaning *a water jug*.

B. RANDOLPH.

Word Square

A city in New York State

Oblong

A broad walk

A girl's name

E. F. B.

Always Behind Time

(Each word ends in “late”)

1. To collect or heap up.
2. Without spot or blemish.
3. To supply with fresh air.
4. To vibrate.
5. To strain.
6. To put or keep in proper order.
7. To cause to feel happy.
8. To make motions.
9. To add to by heaping together.
10. To determine by any process of reasoning.

E. D. A., in *Scattered Seeds*.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 29

Places Mentioned in the Bible.—1. Babylon. 2. Damascus. 3. Cana. 4. Antioch. 5. Crete. 6. Joppa. 7. Miletus. 8. Cyprus. 9. Troas. 10. Palestine.

Riddle.—Ear.

Easy Enigma.—Connecticut.

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MARIE W. JOHNSON, Editor

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